

### WHY THE STRIKE DOES ON.

The strike of the department store and packers' drivers in Chicago was settled speedily and satisfactorily because the employers wanted it settled. While protesting that they would not allow themselves to be "dictated to in the management of their own business," they very sensibly accepted the intervention of the Mayor and of the State Board of Arbitration and an agreement was reached in a single meeting.

While such a result is earnestly to be desired in the coal strike, the attitude of the employers from the start has been that they would not accept any intervention or arbitration, and that they would not grant any terms or listen to any demands from their men.

The coal miners' strike remains unsettled because the operators do not want it settled.

If it is in the power of the President to compel an acceptance of arbitration he should not hesitate to use that power to the utmost.

**The Penalty Fits the Crime.**—The Audubon Society of Illinois will prevent the shooting of birds for the decoration of ladies' hats by compelling the ladies to "shoot the hat." And the law is with them.

### DRUNK AND DEFIANT.

What is to be said of the disgraceful scene presented at Police Headquarters yesterday when four policemen for trial before Deputy Commissioner Thurston for various offenses showed their sense of discipline by coming into court hopelessly, helplessly and disgracefully drunk, so drunk that they were unable to stand alone?

What do the sober and self-respecting members of the force think of the occurrence?

What does Commissioner Partridge think of it? Does he really look on it as a good joke?

What does Mayor Low think of it? He has now been in office nearly six months.

What is the impression made by it on the public mind? What is going to be done about it?

Does any one believe that any such maudlin defiance of authority would have been possible if the Deputy Commissioner had been not Thurston but Devery?

**The Pennsylvania's Tunnel.**—For an underground right of way into the city the Pennsylvania road is to pay \$1,382,000. Such extravagance in buying a franchise will make Jake Sharp turn in his grave.

### THE WAR OF SHIP COMBINES.

It may be remarked, in no unkindly spirit, that the British reputation for pluck and strenuousness does not stand very high just now. The American mind has been amazed at the meek and placid spirit displayed by Great Britain in allowing us to invade her trade dominions and wrest her supremacy from her without even the pretense of resistance.

We shall accordingly think a great deal better of John Bull if he will confirm the news that he is going to fight the Morgan ship combine, and if he will put up a good, stiff fight.

If John Bull is going to be our ally for all time to come we want an ally who has some sand and who does not lie down and allow himself to be walked over.

And in any contest between a Morgan ship combine and a British ship combine the fair-minded American public will emulate the strict impartiality of the Western lady who watched the combat between her husband and the bear, and voiced her varying emotions in the historic expression: "Go it, husband! Go it, bar!"

**Between Three Fires.**—Is the City Club going to join forces with Mr. Jerome and Mr. Croker in making Mayor Low unhappy? Isn't it against all rules of fair play for one man to be attacked from three sides at once?

### MR. JEROME'S WHISKEY BILL.

Two items in yesterday's news are of a nature to make a prohibitionist groan. One was Justice Greenbaum's ruling that the Comptroller must pay the whiskey bill of Mr. Jerome's detectives; the other related to the state of intoxication in which four patrolmen appeared for trial before Deputy Commissioner Thurston. The laxity of discipline of which this reckless and defiant behavior of the accused policemen is a symptom is bad enough and a theme for moralizing on the breaking down of restraints that prevailed in the worst days of Deveryism; policemen's morals, however, are not the burden of our song. It is the temptation to which Mr. Jerome's young men are exposed by the law's consent, their official encouragement to moral ruin, which should be reprobated.

The county detective, as Mr. Jerome has said, is a citizen like the rest of us—a man of the same good intentions and resolute ideals and, likewise, when his revolver is in working condition, a man of strong impulses for the preservation of law and order. Anything that will diminish his usefulness to society should be deplored. Whiskey is an insidious foe and the round of drinks consumed in getting evidence, as shown by the recent confession of one of these detectives, is portentous. It menaces both the moral and physical well being of the consumer. We must grieve greatly at Justice Greenbaum's decision.

### MARTYRDOM MADE SWEET.

The popular man in the role of martyr is a large figure in the news of the moment. The other day an Albany tobacco factory superintendent, Smith by name, was discharged and 150 girl employees went on strike through sympathy. Generous girls they were. What cared they for work or pay while Smith was suffering injustice? Then came a like case in Detroit, where nearly 1,000 girls went out for love of a manager whose services had been dispensed with. And now, in Passaic, the Board of Education having dismissed Principal Small, 450 high school pupils have risen in rebellion. They have issued their ultimatum: If Small goes, they go with him.

This is making martyrdom sweet. What a consoling reflection to know that you are in the right and to have the unstinted moral support of the sex. Think of Smith, first walking gentleman in the affections of a rosebud garden of factory girls! Think of Small, ensnared in hundreds of warm hearts beating tumultuously under the dotted swiss and dimity of the commencement season! If these oppressed gentlemen lose their fight they win, and if they win they win doubly—going back to their posts to the applause of their feminine supporters or consoled and comforted by them in defeat. The stuff that martyrs are now made of does not need to be so stern as of old.

## The Funny Side of Life.

### JOKES OF OUR OWN

#### SOME WHY NOTS.

Why should we have a "Hit or Miss" and yet no "Hit or Madam?"  
Why should we have a "Christmas Eve" and yet no "Christmas Adam?"  
Why have a diamond sunburst that never adds to heat?  
Why have a Beef Trust not a soul is fool enough to trust?

#### PLENTY OF CHANGE.

"He was out of change when I saw him."  
"Well, he's found plenty—in the weather."

#### DANTE'S "INFERNO."

"When Dante visited Hades what sort of welcome did he get?"  
"They probably asked: 'Is it hot enough for you?'"

#### WORKS BOTH WAYS.

Minister—Ah, my friend, all flesh is grass!  
Pushit—Yes, and the lawnmower reduces them both at the same time.

#### A COLLECTION.

"They say nothing is really lost."  
"Then I must own about sixty umbrellas."

### BORROWED JOKES.

#### IMPOSSIBLE.

"As far as municipal affairs go, I believe one political party is as bad as the other."

"Nonsense! Both can't be in power at once."—Philadelphia Press.

#### SAD NEWS.

Doctor (coming out of millionaire's residence)—Er, no. It looks as if he'll get well after all. Perhaps you had better go to the heirs and break it as gently as possible.—Chicago News.

#### BORN TO RULE.

"What a real carriage he has! There is surely royal blood in his veins. Do you know him?" whispered the enthusiastic woman.  
"Yes," replied the man, "he comes of a long line of janitors."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

#### THE WAY OF IT.

She—Why don't hens lay eggs at night?  
He—Because they're roosters then.—Baltimore World.

### SOMEBODIES.

BOBO, R. E.—of Bobo, Miss., has killed over two thousand bears. He is booked to go bear hunting with President Roosevelt.

BROWNE, GEN. SAMUEL—the oldest member of the Colorado Bar Association and United States District Attorney in 1892, has just died in Denver.

CLARK, CAPT.—Commander of the Oregon, will have his portrait hung in the Vermont Capitol.

CULLOM, SHELLEY—Senator from Illinois, is seventy-three years old, but runs briskly up long flights of stairs in the Capitol building in preference to waiting for an elevator.

CUMMINS, REV. SILAS—the famous soldier-preacher of New England, has just celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday.

HAWKES, COL. B. F.—is one of the three surviving comrades of Gen. Grant at West Point. The other two are Gens. Dana and Longstreet.

MEGE, PROF.—of the Government Geological Survey, says the Great Salt Lake of Utah may soon disappear, because its contributory streams are turned aside for irrigation. There is no reason for thinking Salt River will follow the lake's example.

MORSE, DR. N. C.—of Iowa, is the heaviest physician in this country. He weighs 325 pounds.

MORGAN, J. P.—smokes a cigar eight inches long with his initials on it.

OSCAR, KING—of Sweden, has written a book of poems in French.

#### MADRIGAL.

It was a bowl of roses,  
Thence in the light they lay,  
Languishing, glowing, glowing  
Their life away.

And the soul of them rose like  
a presence,  
Into me crept and grew,  
And filled me with something—  
some one—

O, was it you?  
—W. E. Henley in the North American Review.

## TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

**What Becomes of Them?**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

What becomes of the vast army of doctors, lawyers and clergymen graduated each year from our colleges? They can't all get jobs. If they did we'd soon have an over-run with them. I'd like to know, out of curiosity, about what per cent. of them stick to their chosen professions and what per cent. of those succeed. Also what becomes of the rest.

**POLICE ECONOM.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was one of a large crowd of people in the Aquarium at the Battery recently. I called there at 2:45 o'clock. At 4 o'clock sharp we all had hustled out in a ceremonious fashion. The attend-

ants in some of the museums do not seem to know what civility means. I would like to know why the Aquarium cannot be open till 5 or 5:30 o'clock, especially on holidays. It is, no doubt, run under a big expense, and why cannot the public be allowed to enjoy what they have to support? DISGUSTED.

**Antidotes Wanted.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would advise, especially when there is so much suicide in the city, especially from that most irritating poison known as carbolic acid, that every pharmacy or drug store in the city should have an antidote for that corrosive and irritating poison—an antidote put up in bottles ready to use for an emergency case. There are young folks who only use the poison to seek notoriety. By

having an antidote on hand there would be no time lost and many lives would be saved.

**Hot Spell Drives Him to Verse.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Oh! why are we melting from this awful heat?  
When a few days ago we had frozen cold feet?

Oh! why are we cursing the heat of today,  
When a few days ago cold we cursed the same way?

Oh! why can't the weather man give us a rest.  
Give us days neither cold nor too warm?  
—That is best.

**In the Next Flat.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I wish people who live in flats would

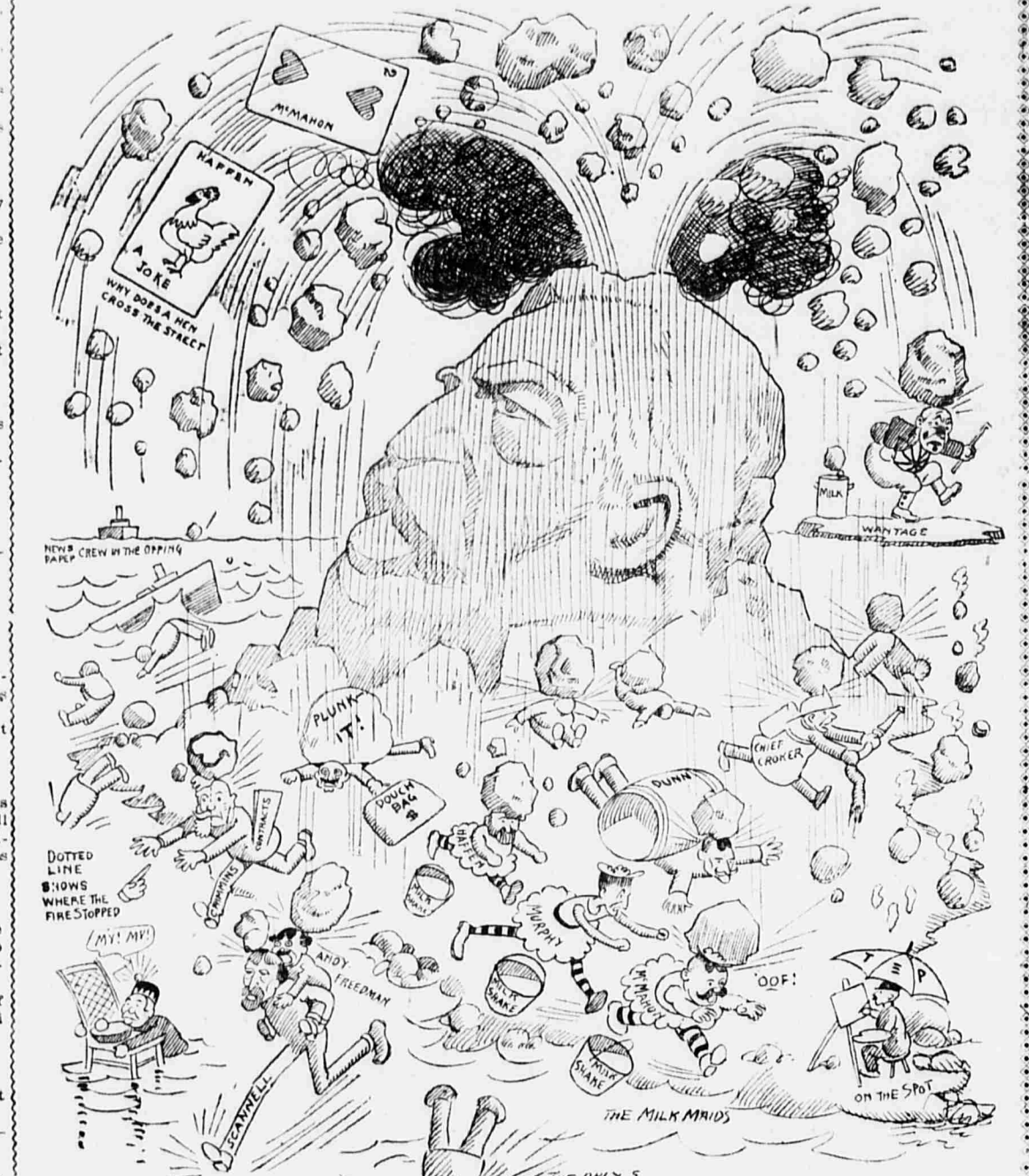
refrain from quarrelling near open windows. I heard one lady (across the airshaft from my west side flat, this morning) request another lady to "shut up or she'd smash her face." Yet this is a perfectly respectable neighborhood and the flat always seemed to me nicely appointed and quiet heretofore. In summer, when all windows are open, we get

fragments of speech that give us insight into the characters of our neighbors such as long association never could.

**Yes.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly inform me if it is necessary to obtain a license to get married in the State of Connecticut.

H. W.  
New Brighton, N. Y.



The Volcano's slinging rocks and things; and lots of heavy knocks and things  
Are showing on the Joker, on the Two Spot and the Squire;  
And the milkmaids, too, now have a taste of red-hot lingual lava  
Touchin' on and appertainin' to the man who slings the Fire.

#### ANOTHER VICTIM.



Mrs. Mosquito—Yes, Georgie would not keep away from those cigarette smokers, and I fear we shall lose him.

#### TOO FAINT-HEARTED.



He—My dear, before we marry I must confess one error in my past:  
When I was young I stole \$2.50.  
She—Then we must part! I cannot marry a man who would steal so small an amount as that.

#### TRUE GENIUS.



Comedian (to fellow actor)—I hear you've been playing in New York theatres with success.  
Tragedian—Yes, my dear fellow; I think I may say that I have at last created a role.

Comedian—What is it?  
Tragedian—I take the part of a wooden Indian in front of a cigar store.

#### TEMPERATURE.



Citizen—And do these automobile scorches give you much trouble?  
Cop—Oh, yes, they make it hot for us; but we get even by roasting them when we get hold of them.

#### SUSPICIOUS.



Unlucky Fisherman—Confound it! I bet this trick is controlled by the meat trust.

#### PREMONITION.



Henry—No, ma'am; I didn't call him names; he just hit me.  
Bill—Well, I said I'd lick you if you did an' you was just a-go'in' to.

## ODDITY CORNER.

### HOW TO MAKE A PING-PONG SET.



Many are so placed that they are unable to get a ping-pong set. Here is a way to make one of your own that you can have lots of fun with, and which, of course, you will value more than a purchased one.

For less than 25 cents it is quite easy to manufacture a ping-pong set quite the equal in all essential points of the most expensive sold in the stores, says the Baltimore American.

The net is of mosquito netting, white by preference, although green with a top band of white tape is more attractive in appearance. This should be four and a half feet long and six inches wide, and hemmed on top and bottom. The net is supported by two wooden posts, half an inch square, cut from the top or side of a soap box, each having a suitable projection on one side to strengthen it. These posts are nailed one on either end of a strip of thin board four and a half feet long and

three inches wide. This arrangement does away with the necessity for clamps. The net is stretched on a piece of light wire, running from post to post.

The rackets are cut from the top or side of a soap box with a compass saw. Such a saw can be bought for 15 cents. The wood should be sound and free from knots and not more than half an inch thick. The face of the racket is six inches in diameter, more or less. Some players prefer it round, as in the illustration; others, and by far the greater number, like an oval or oblong shape. The handles should be eight inches long. After sawing trim the edges of the handles with a pen-knife, but care should be taken not to trim them too much, or the reduction in weight will spoil the "balance." An inverted saucer will serve as a pattern to mark out a circle for sawing. Balls must be purchased at a store. They cost four cents each. Two will do to begin with.

### HIS SHOPPING TOUR.

#### And How a List Helped Him to Forget.

The other morning Mrs. Lawler felt the need of certain articles that were selling at a bargain in one of the downtown department stores.

"I wonder, George, if you could possibly remember to get those articles for me," she said to her husband. I want three pairs of those silk hose selling at 75 cents apiece, and a box of toilet soap and some of those nice imported sardines; they are away down. Can't you remember just those three things?" a trifle impatiently.

Lawler promised faithfully.

On his way to the front door Mrs. Lawler handed him a slip of paper.

"I have written them down, George. Take this memorandum; then you will be sure not to forget. 'Hose, soap, sardines,'" he read.

He reached the station.

"Ticket, please," he said, handing out the slip of paper.

The agent, a prim young lady, stared at it. "Hose, soap, sardines," she read. "I have no use for this," she declared frostily.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Lawler, giving her some silver and taking up the list and the ticket.

"Tickets!" called the conductor.

He absent-mindedly held out the list.

"Hose, soap, sardines," the conductor read. "Your ticket, please," suppressing a smile. Lawler looked up in a mystified kind of way; then he searched his pockets till his ticket was found, says the Chicago News.

He was not disturbed again all the way in to Chicago. He sat down in the corner of a street car.

"Hello, what's this? Only straight fares go on this line."

The conductor was jokingly holding up the slip of paper which Lawler had tendered him. Lawler's face reddened.

He pulled out a nickel and took back the slip of paper. Then he tore it into bits and threw them out of the window.

"That paper has been getting me into trouble ever since I left home," he said to himself irritably.

That evening as he sat down to the dinner table his wife looked up expectantly.

"Did you have any trouble getting those things, George, dear, was asked sweetly.

The carving knife fell from his hand. "That's it!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "I have wondered all day what that paper was that I tore up this morning."

His mother-in-law was present, and so Lawler escaped the full penalty of his crime. He proceeded complacently with the carving.

#### AN INK TRICK.



Here is a large tumbler filled almost to the rim with jet black ink. To test the ink's dyeing quality dip a card (for instance, the seven of hearts) into the fluid. When taken out the part of the card which was dipped in is dyed black, as shown in illustration A. The tumbler is covered for a few moments with a white handkerchief. Then commanding "Ink, disappear!" the performer removes the cloth and we see a little gold-fish swimming in crystal clear water where before the jet-black ink had been.

This interesting trick is done as follows: What appears to be ink is a strip of black paper fitted into the glass, pressed smoothly against the side by the water, says the Chicago Tribune. But how is it that the card appears black when dipped in? The card is double—that is, two sevens of hearts are pasted back together, the lower part of one of which is painted black. The clean seven of hearts is shown to the audience, and when dipping it into the water turn the card around and the black side appears. Covering the glass with the handkerchief, the performer gets a hold of the black paper and removes it with the handkerchief. Then the water appears clear and with the little fish swimming about, as shown in illustration B. To remove the painted card explain to the audience that the ink might spot their hands or clothes, and so carry it away.

#### COST OF PAPER.

Ladies who go shopping have little idea of the cost of the city, even in such a minor detail as the cost of paper for the packages they have sent home. A Baltimorean has recently compared the weight of paper with the foot supplied to the purchaser. In one day's purchases it is said that the paper wrapping amounted to about 10 per cent. of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.40 he found that the paper which was weighed with the provisions cost 14 1/2 cents.

### THE SMALLEST MAN.



Major Gantz of Fairfield, Iowa, who claims the distinction of being the smallest man in the world, has been inspecting this city with the intention of settling here permanently, says the Eldora, Ia., correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald. He is thirty-six years old, weighs thirty pounds, and is eighteen inches high. Major Gantz claims the minimum size on the ground that Tom Thumb was thirty-six inches high, Commodore Nutt a trifle taller, and Mrs. Lavinia Stratton, still taller. This little man's parents are now residents of Fairfield and are of the usual human stature.

#### THE SUN'S FLAMES.

The sun's flames spring at times to a distance of 350,000 miles from its surface.

#### A PIOUS EX-QUEEN.



This is the latest portrait of ex-Queen Natalie of Serbia. She has just become a Roman Catholic and is said to be very pious in her widowhood. She is forty-three years old and lives at Biarritz.

#### NOT THE LESSON HE MEANT.

A minister recently preached a sermon and illustrated his point by saying: "You know you plant roses in the sunshine, and heliotrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow you must keep them in a shady nook." After the sermon a woman came up to him, her face beaming with pleasure. "Oh, I am so grateful for that sermon," she said, clasping his hand and shaking it warmly, says Pearson's Weekly. His heart glowed for a moment—only for a moment, though. "Yes," she went on, fervently, "I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias."

#### A PRETTY NAVY HABIT.

In the wardrooms of the vessels of the American Navy there is still kept up a custom worthy of imitation, says the Chicago Journal. It is as follows: At 9 o'clock in the evening the captain or commander will order glasses to be filled, and, rising, will deliver this sentiment: "Gentlemen, I ask you to drink to sweethearts and wives. May the sweetest become the wife, and the wife always remain the sweetest." The assembled officials drink this toast in silence.